

Madness sets in by KahnShao

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Summary: Henry Bowers sanity is slowly slipping away. and hid one "true" friend is helping it along bit by bit convincing Henry to eliminate The Losers "one by one." my own take. I made Henry more dangerous and darker due to his subconscious meetings with It. flames, as usual will be used to warm my house rated M for language, violence, and some sexual situations

Madness sets in

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They all knew he was slowly slipping away, though they dared not say anything. They were stupid, but not foolish. The first one to see Henry slip slowly was Belch Huggins. Henry seemed hellbent on getting revenge on those fucking losers if it killed him. At first it was simple enough. A shove here, a punch there, etc. nothing too bad. But when Henry started talking about killing The Losers one by one he began to worry slightly. He didn't start believing it until he pulled a knife on that fat little shit Ben Hanscom. It wasn't Ben's fault he had been made to stay behind after class for making rude comments about his weight. But he wasn't going to tell Bowers that. As far as Henry was concerned, everything that went wrong with his life was the fault of The Losers. It was their fault his father beat him, their fault his mother left him after nearly being beaten to death herself and a variety of other things real and imagined.

Henry, Belch, Victor, and Patrick walked along the street looking for something to do. It wasn't long until they met up with Mike Hanlon. Now Henry hated Mike not for the reason his family was well off, had a better house than he, better grades. No, he simply hated Mike on account he was black. It was a hatred instilled in him at a young age by his own drunkard crazy father, Butch Bowers. Henry had killed Mike's dog Mr. Chips last summer. Poisoned the damned mutt and watched him die with sadistic glee. Mike had no clue that the group was on his trail until it was too late.

"Hey there fuckface." Henry smiled. Mike swallowed. He did not feel like fighting Henry. He figured he could probably hold his own against the crazed youth, provided it was a one on one fair fight. But Henry was anything but fair. He'd have his buddies hold Mike so he could receive his beating if necessary. "I got a confession to tell you shitstain. You know that dog of yours? Well I killed him. Watched him die myself. Guess he ate bad m—" before Henry could finish his sentence, Mike hauled off and hit him square in the nose with a well placed punch. Henry screamed and fell back clutching his bloodied nose. Belch, Victor, and Patrick stood there in stunned silence. No

one has EVER hit Henry. And Mike would learn that lesson. By the time Henry got his bearings, Mike had bolted down the street running as if the devil was after him. And for all intents and purposes, he was. Henry bolted after Mike followed by his friends.

Mike turned down an ally way thinking it would lead him out and around. Wrong. Henry knew the ally way Mike ran down was a dead end. He had cornered Stuttering Bill there many a time. Mike realized his mistake too late as the group blocked any exit. Two towards the entrance/exit, and Henry and Belch stalked towards him. Henry holding something in his hands.

Belch Huggin's Pov

I saw that Henry had something in his hands. I couldn't be sure what though. I wondered if it was a knife that he used to carve the first letter of his name in Hansom's belly when we first met him that last day of school a month ago. I hoped it wasn't. I really didn't want to see this new guy get killed or something. But he did strike Henry. So he deserved what he got as long as it didn't kill him. But killing Mike's dog? That's the first I heard of it. And that had me worried. I looked at Henry and saw he had no smirk he usually has when he has something planned for The Losers. No, he was not smiling in the least bit. He looked serious. Like he wanted to honestly kill the kid before him. We approached Mike and Henry shoved him against the wall. Mike sort of bounced against the wall, before falling to his knees at Henry's feet. Henry stood over him grinning now, although it was an unpleasant grin. Almost like what he had planned was going to go a bit too far. "H-Hey Henry," I asked nervously. "Whatchu got planned?" Henry didn't even bother to answer. He was going to show me what he had planned. He kicked Mike in the face sending the boy on his back. He straddled his chest and ripped his shirt open, and put to use what he had in his hand. He had carved the name 'Mike The Assfucker' on his chest before breaking each and every finger on the hand that made a fist used to hit Henry. I swallowed. I figured he was done. But no.

Henry produced about 10 fire crackers and tied them around Mike's feet with some twine he carried. He lit them and laughed as Mike hopped and danced trying to put them out. "Man that boy sure can dance." Henry screamed laughing. I wanted to back away when

Henry whirled around to me. "You say one word Huggins, and you'll get worse than what he did got it?" he snarled. I nodded to scared to say otherwise. Had it been me that got clobbered, a good beating given in return would have been sufficient. We'd both then be free to go on our merry way. Henry brought me back to reality when he said "come on. Lets go pay a visit to Marsh. Heard she's getting some tits now." He laughed.

Henry pays a visit

Henry walked to where Beverly Marsh lived. He waited a minute or so until her father left. Beverly was sitting outside on the steps waiting for her friends to show up. Henry smiled as he approached her with Belch and the others. At first, it was the usual teasing. Then Henry went to grab a handful (or as best he could) of Beverly's breasts much to the astonishment of his friends. They were just expecting the usual teasing, not this brazen tactic. Beverly slapped his hand away before it grabbed too much. Expecting a slap from Henry Beverly braced herself and closed her eyes. She then heard an unzipping noise. She opened her eyes and saw that Henry had undid the front of his pants and had taken it out. He was laughing insanely before putting it back stating that 'next time if she's a good girl, he'd let her touch it.' He then smashed his body to hers pressing his lips against her forehead before letting her go. All the boys, including Patrick himself was stunned. Patrick may have been sick in his own right, but he would take his out and show it to a girl he barely even knew. Hell, he was ashamed of it as it was, and to be honest had no interest in girls whatsoever.

Now he was beginning to reconsider hanging out with Henry as much as he did. This had gone too far...way too far. And he would have told, but Henry made him promise not to say a word or he would tell them about 'Patrick's secret fridge.' Patrick thought it in his best interest to keep quiet. Henry left with the group. He was tired and wanted to go home. The others were relieved to be rid of him as well, although they wouldn't say to each other or to his face.

Henry's Pov

I don't see what the big fucking deal is. First, Hansom deseved what he had gotten; not letting me copy on his test papers, and getting me

sent to the office and having to stay after school. My father tanned my hide you can be sure of that. Hansom still owed, and he would pay.

Second, if Hanlon had not moved into the neighborhood, then me and my father would be getting along a lot better. Daddy was right. That fucking family is the bane of our existence. And he threw the first punch. So yes, he got what he deserved. Then there's Marsh. Beverly was kind of cute I guessed but her reaction to seeing a penis? Utter disgust. What ...does she like girls or something? It wasn't like I was going to stick inside of her anywhere. I knew where it was supposed to go, but there was no way in hell, I was going to put it in there. She had no real fight to her. Picking at her was the most fun. She was quiet, and willing to do almost anything to avoid a confrontation. And what the hell was up with Hockstetter? You'd think a kid like that would jump at a chance to show it off. If anyone were to try anything with Marsh, I thought Hockstetter would have been the first. Oh, yeah. He had the 'future rapist' look on him when he stared at some girl that caught his attention. Although he didn't seem interested at all in girls. He better not be interested in what I think he is...

Other voice

I watched the one they call Henry Bowers for a long time before making my move. I spoke to him through his dreams and sometimes when he was alone and no one was around. Although I could hear him when he thought. I convinced him to kill Mike's dog. I convinced him that I was his only true friend and that the others he hung around needed to be watched constantly because they were beginning to doubt him. I needed him to kill The Losers because I knew that they would be the ones able to kill me. I can only get them if they half believe. But Henry, Henry was alive and could get them beliefs or not. Contacting Henry had its side effects though. It made one loose their mind slightly. I'll go talk to Henry in his dreams tonight maybe. And maybe ill have him step up his attacks. Those Losers must be eliminated by whatever means possible.

Coming soon: Henry dreams and has a one on one conversation with It and loses more of his sanity as well.